Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

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ROBERT THE BRAVE.

[CONTINUED.

WHILE Roger who had suffered considerably in the late engagement, every day acquired new strength, a perfect cure of his wounds being nearly effected, Robert received the answer and orders of the count of Toulouse. He eagerly read them; but what was his surprise and his grief when he learned that, in consequence of the sentence pronounced by the barons, Adela was no longer to possess the castle of her fathers, and that it was on himself that the count of Toulouse had bestowed the investiture of it, with the property of the greater part of the domains dependent on it! The count, however, at the same time declared, that Adela, notwithstanding the crimes of her father, should receive proofs of his clemency. He directed that she should come to reside at his court; promised to take her under his guardianship; that he would not cease to protect her; and that the portion of her father's property, of which he had not already disposed, should be allotted to her, as soon as she should have merited this favor by an entire submission.

These orders were a thunder-bolt to Robert. What! should he take from Adela her possessions, and receive a reward of a service of which he believed the whole glory to appertain to Roger? No, never would he accept such fatal gifts!

The more tranquil mind of Roger, however, soon suggested a mode of acting which afforded to Robert a hope which he seized with ardor.

"Let us suspend," said he, "for a short time, the execution of the last orders of the count of Toulouse. We are certain that his generous heart will feel a pleasure in reinstating Adela in her rights, when he shall learn that she showed no knowledge of the crimes of her father, but by lamenting them."

Robert revived from his despondency while he listened to his friend. The only wish he dared to form was to go and throw himself at the feet of the count of Toulouse, and to defend rights which appeared to him as sacred as they were already dear to his heart.

"My friend," said he, warmly pressing the hand of Roger, "Adela must never know that I have refused to accept the possessions of which she was to be deprived: this secrecy is commanded by honor, and she must not consider herself as bound by ties of gratitude, when justice alone imposes on us the duty of acting as we have done."

They returned together to Raymond, who received them with all the respect and honor which their late services merited. The first act of that prince, when he saw Robert, was to testify the great pleasure he felt at finding an opportunity of conferring on him a reward of sufficient value to be worthy his acceptance. But his astonishment was extreme when he saw him fall at his feet to vindicate, in favor of Adela, the sacred rights of innocence. Robert reminded the count of her illustrious birth; with timidity and embarrassment, he attempted to describe the interest which her charms inspired; but the ardor by which he was animated gave such force to his words that Raymond began to be uneasy, and to fear that he had committed an act of injustice. He adduced the sentence of the barons; promised to examine it were not too severe; and spoke of finding means to make a recompence to Adela.

"No, my lord," exclaimed Robert, "you have no recompense to make. We knew the generosity of your heart; we foresaw the emotions you would feel, and we have ventured to suspend the execution of your orders. They are unknown to Adela; it is the hope of finding a father in her sovereign which brings her to your feet; it is with this noble confidence she repairs to your court; and her heart, while it laments the consequences of that justice which you could not dispense yourself from exercising, experiences only the sentiments of loyalty and respect."

"Your example is too noble," replied the count of Toulouse, "for me to cease to imitate it. I yield to your request. I will entertain for Adela all the tenderness of a father; she shall retain all the possessions of her ancestors. I shall find for you other rewards. But I will cause her to be informed of the sentence of the barons, and the donation which I had bestowed on you. I cannot suffer her to remain ignorant that you have been her generous advocate and that it is to you and not to me that her gratitude is due."

It was in vain that Robert reiterated his entreaties that secrecy might be observed with respect to an action which justice and honor equally commanded; he could only obtain an assurance that Adela should be reinstated in her possessions.

The beauteous Adela hastened to obey the commands of her sovereign. She added a new embellishment to his court, and the prince was every day more satisfied with himself for having bestowed that pardon which he had at first only granted to the generous solicitations of Robert.

In the mean time, the count of Toulouse, strongly actuated by the desire of proving to the two friends how much he was satisfied with their services, and wishing to bestow on Robert an indemnification equal to his noble sacrifice, conceived that he could not do either with more effect than by proving to the whole world that the honors he conferred on the two warriors were solely the reward of their great actions. To render this act more public and conspicuous, he resolved to assemble all the knights within his states. He soon informed the two friends of his design. After having heard him, Roger, unable longer to resist the emotions of joy which he felt, threw himself at the feet of the count to express his gratitude. His friend appeared to him so deserving of the honor promised him, and the count of Toulouse so generous, so great, that he no longer hesitated to declare to him the secret of their birth, and that of his heart; and confessed with more embarrassment, but with all the ardor of love, his passion for Elvize; and explained the motives which had induced him to quit the castle of his ancestors, and repair to the court of the count.

This recital extremely increased the esteem which the count of Toulouse had conceived for the two friends, and the interest he took in their success and happiness. He was convinced that he should still more ennoble his own character, by seizing such an opportunity to reward courage. His heart was animated by the most lively desire of promoting their happiness, yet was he still attentive to the counsels of prudence, and the means of most effectually ensuring complete success to their wishes.

Since the departure of Robert, the silence which the count had observed with respect to the flight of his son had at first surprised all the great lords in the vicinity of his territory. After having vainly endeavored to penetrate his secret, they learned that the castle was filled with sadness and mourning. A report of the death of Roger was then generally circulated, and the tears which the countess never ceased to shed seemed to confirm it. The families allied to that of the count, finding all their enquiries fruitless, began to think of securing to themselves the rich inheritance that would have devolved to Roger.

The head of the most powerful of these families, wishing to preclude all other pretenders, and consulting only his greedy ambition, had the barbarous indiscretion to send to the count de L**** requiring him to acknowledge him as heir to his domains. An answer expressive of indignation and contempt was returned to this demand. Actuated by avarice, and the thirst of revenge, this greedy relative assembled troops, with a view to extort by force what he could not obtain by persuasion.

The count, not having been able to foresee this unjust attack, had not taken any precaution to guard against it. The strength of his castle defended him against a surprise; but not having collected a sufficient number of troops to retain possession of the open country, and not having had time to lay up a store of provisions, he found that he must soon surrender at discretion to his cruel enemy, if he could not obtain speedy succour. In this pressing distress, knowing only the count of Toulouse who was sufficiently generous, and at the same time sufficiently powerful, to effect his deliverance, he availed himself of a secret subterranean passage, unknown to the enemy, to send off an emissary to solicit the protection of his sovereign, and the answer he should receive must decide his fate.

As soon as Raymond had learned the particulers of the situation of the count de L****, he did not hesitate a moment in what manner he should act. But, continually attentive to the interest of the two friends, and not willing that they should be recognized by the envoy, he caused him to set out again immediately, with orders to assure his master that he would send him speedy aid, and avenge him of his enemy. The messenger was sufficiently cautious and alert to elude the assailants of the castle; and on his return re-animated the hope of the count, by the promises he brought him on the part of Raymond.

The count of Toulouse wished to communicate himself to the two friends the intelligence he had just received. Their uneasiness equalled their rage; they immediately started up to run to their arms, and fly to the succour of those they held most dear.

"Moderate this ardor," said Raymond to them; "I have already given my orders: my troops are collecting: you shall march at their head: to you alone I confide the care of defending so just a cause. But remember, Roger, and return me your thanks, Robert shall have the command in chief, and you shall serve under him."

The noble heart of Roger felt the ſublime goodneſs of this order; tears of gratitude guſhed into his eyes, and his friend and himſelf, alike agitated with extreme impatience, haſtened the preperations for their departure.

Roger, at ſight of the place which had given him birth, and which contained all that he held moſt dear, wept, ſighed, and experienced every tender ſentiment at once. But ſoon theſe gave way to an eager wiſh to meet the enemy, and ſave and avenge thoſe he loved.

[To be continued.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend--tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of diſtreſs? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or cenſuring you behind your back? Will he dare to ſtand forth in your defence, when detraction is ſecretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the ſame cordiality, and behave to you with the ſame friendly attention, in the company of your ſuperiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with thoſe of friendſhip? If misfortune and loſſes ſhould oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the ſame diſtinction, or entertain your friends with the ſame liberality as formerly, will he ſtill think himſelf happy in your ſociety, and, inſtead of gradually withdrawing himſelf from an unprofitable connection, take pleaſure in profeſſing himſelf your friend, and cheerfully aſſiſt you to ſupport the burden of your afflictions? When ſickneſs ſhall call you to retire from the gay and buſy ſcenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, liſten with attention to your "tale of ſymptoms," and miniſter the balm of conſolation to your fainting ſpirit? And laſtly when death ſhall burſt aſunder every earthly tie, will he ſhed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendſhip in his heart, as a treaſure never to be reſigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion---your flatterer---your ſeducer---but, depend upon it he is not your friend.

A LEAP DOWN THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

"SOME few years ago, an Indian lying aſleep in his canoe, (a few miles above the tremendous cataract, was, by accident or deſign, ſet adrift, and floated down within the current till he was awakened by the roaring of the rapids, where the water firſt burſts into a cataract. He then roſe and extended his arms with aſtoniſhment and horror; but remembering that dignified reſolution with which it has ever been the pride of his countrymen to meet death in the moſt dreadful ſhapes, and having covered his head with a blanket, he compoſedly ſat in his canoe, glanced down the rapids, and was plunged into the tremendous abyſs."

ANECDOTES.

IT is well known that Frederic the Second roſe remarkably early in the morning, and in general allowed a very ſhort part of his time to ſleep. But as age and infirmities increaſed upon him, his ſleep was broken and diſturbed, and when he fell aſleep towards the morning, he frequently miſſed his early hour of riſing. This loſs of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave ſtrict orders to his attendants never to ſuffer him to ſleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingneſs to riſe. One morning at the appointed time, the page whoſe turn it was to attend him, and who had not long been in his ſervice, came to his bed and awoke him, "LET ME SLEEP BUT A LITTLE LONGER," ſaid the monarch, "I AM STILL FATIGUED."---"Your Majeſty has given poſitive orders I ſhould wake you ſo early," replied the page, "BUT ANOTHER QUARTER OF AN HOUR MORE."---"Not one minute," ſaid the page, "it has ſtruck four, I am ordered to inſiſt upon your Majeſty's riſing." "Well," ſaid the King, "you are a brave lad; had you let me ſleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect."

THE Abbe *Vertot*, tired of waiting for ſome papers which he had expected relative to the ſiege of Rhodes, called on the genius of Romance, and finiſhed his hiſtory of Malta without them. The documents at length arrived, but though they contradicted his FACTS he would not alter his compoſition, "I am ſorry for it" ſaid he, "but my ſiege is finiſhed, I cannot begin it over again."

SCRAP.

THE heart that feels for other's woes,
Shall find each ſelfiſh ſorrow leſs,
The breaſt which happineſs beſtows,
Reflected happineſs ſhall bleſs.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

STANZAS.

WHEN in the early dawn of youth,
Hope's gay illuſions charm the ſcene,
When not a cloud can intervene
Twixt fancy's viſions, and plain truth;
How ſweet 'tis then to rove the fields among,
And liſten to the charming ſyren ſong!

And when the mind, in manhood fires,
When reaſon ſits upon the throne,
And governs all the ſoul alone,
Oh! then if virtue ev'ry thought inſpires!
How ſweet 'twill be to rove the fields among,
And calmly liſten to the ſyren ſong!

But when old age comes ſwiftly on,
And fancy on the roſebud dies,
When hope no longer charms the eyes,
And pale care ſhrouds the early dawn;
Ah! then 'tis ſad to rove the fields among,
We cannot liſten to the ſyren ſong!

AMATOR.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. OPIE.

HENCE! cruel life! no more perſiſt
To warm this ſad and broken heart!
When Henry's clay-cold lips I kiſs'd,
How welcome, death! had been thy dart!

Speechleſs, they ſay, benumbed I ſeemed,
While his precious breath I caught;
No tears to ſooth my ſorrow ſtreamed,
And agony ſuſpended thought.

They tell me, thunders, rent the air---
That vivid lightnings flaſh'd around---
But I beheld no lightnings glare,
Nor heard the pealing thunder ſound.

They tell me that my helpleſs child
I from my arms with fury tore'd;
It might be ſo--for I was wild---
The mother in the wife was loſt.

They tell me, on th' unconſcious corſe
At length bereft of ſenſe I fell!
Ah! bleſſed ſtate! of balm the ſource!
It cloſ'd my ears to Henry's knell.

But, happy ſtate, reſembling death,
Why is your balmy ſtupor flown?
Ah! why reſtore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan.

E'en reaſon ſays I juſtly weep,
And, ah! ſhe ſays, I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I ſteep,
Then riſe at morn---to weep again.

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens every ſigh;
I think, while I her charms behold,
How ſhe'd have pleaſ'd her father's eye.

And while I from her liſping tongue,
Soft childhood's artleſs accents hear,
I think, with vain remembrance wrung,
How ſhe'd have charm'd her father's ear.

I think---but O, forbear, ſond heart!
From vain regrets to beauties turn;
Yes---I will act a parent's part---
I'll tear myſelf from Henry's urn.

In life I ſtill one charm can ſee---
One flower adorns that dreary wild---
That flower for care depends on me---
Oh! precious charge---"TIS HENRY'S CHILD."

EPITAPH,

From Mrs. ROBINSON's elegant novel of Walſingham,---now engraven on the author's tomb.

O thou whoſe cold and ſenſeleſs heart,
Ne'er knew affliction's ſtruggling ſigh;
Paſs on, nor vaunt the ſtoic's art,
Nor mock this grave with tearleſs eye.

For oft when evening's purple glow,
Shall ſlowly fade from yonder ſteep,
Faſt o'er this ſod the tear ſhall flow,
From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had ſhe, no power to ſway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's ſtore;
She wept her ſummer hours away,
She heard the wint'ry ſtorm no more.

Yet o'er this low and ſilent ſpot,
Full many a hue of ſpring ſhall wave,
While ſhe, by all, ſave one, forgot,
Shall ſnatch a wreath beyond the grave.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF OPULENT INFELICITY.

OF all the eaſtern caliphs that governed in Spain, none were more diſtinguiſhed for valor, policy, and magnificence, than Abdoulrahman III. Though he was continually involved in war, the ſumptuous ſplendor of his court and his edifices was ſuperior to any thing the world had ſeen before. He built a new city at the diſtance of about three miles from Corduba which he called *Zehra*, the name of a favorite female ſlave. Here, likewiſe, he erected a palace, the grandeur and beauty of which could hardly be equalled. It was built by one of the moſt ſkilful architects in Conſtantinople, which city was at that time (about the middle of the tenth century,) the ſeat of ſciences and fine arts. In this palace were a thouland and fourteen columns of Spaniſh and African marble nineteen of Italian marble, and one hundred and twenty, ſent by the Greek emperor, of extraordinary beauty. The ſaloon, called the caliph's ſaloon, was rich beyond expreſſion. The walls were of the fineſt marble, and the ornaments of pure gold. In the middle of the ſaloon was a marble baſon, ſurrounded with various figures of birds and beaſts that threw up the water. All theſe figures were of gold, and adorned with pearls and all kinds of precious ſtones. The baſon itſelf was made at Conſtantinople, and the figures executed by the ableſt artiſts there. Above it hung the famous pearl which the Emperor Leo ſent to Abdoulrahman. The other apartments of this palace were proportionably ſuperb, and equally expreſſed the taſte and magnificence of their maſter. In the middle of the royal garden ſtood a grand pavilion, where the caliph uſed to repoſe after the fatigues of hunting. It was ſupported by pillars of the whiteſt marble. The ceiling ſparkled with the united ſplendors of gold, poliſhed ſteel, and precious ſtones; but the moſt extraordinary thing about it was a baſon, filled with waves of quickſilver inſtead of water, which when the ſun ſhone upon it, produced ſuch a brightneſs as the eye could not bear to look upon.

Yet, notwithſtanding this profuſion of beauty and magnificence, Abdoulrahman was far from being happy; as will appear from the following curious memorial, which was written by himſelf, and found after his death:---

"From the firſt moment of my reign to the preſent time, I have kept an exact account of thoſe days in which I enjoyed true and unmixed pleaſure; and I find that the number does not exceed fourteen.--Mortals! conſider what this world is, and what value we ſhould ſet upon the pleaſures that it offers. Nothing ſeemed to be wanting to my felicity; I had wealth, honors, and, to ſay all in one word, ſovereign power---Feared and reſpected by contemporary princes, who envied my happineſs, were jealous of my glory, and courted my friendſhip. Fifty years have paſſed ſince I aſcended the throne; and, in that long ſpace of time, it is with difficulty I can make out fourteen days whoſe courſe was uninterrupted by any infelicity."

NEW MODE OF TEACHING ENGLISH.

AT a little ſchool at Chabel in Weardale, an eccentric character has adopted the following method to teach the children their Alphabet:--all the furniture in the ſchool-room is made after the ſhape of the four and twenty letters; and if there be a difficult letter or two, he has that part of the furniture altered, to ſerve as a puniſhment in ſome ſhape or other. By this means, our informant aſſures us they are able to learn their letters in a few days.

Lond. pap.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. COOTE, an anceſtor of the late Lord Bellamont, adopted the following method to carry his election for the county of Cavan in Ireland. Oppoſed by two gentlemen, leagued in intereſt, and who had been repeatedly returned to Parliament for that county, Mr. Coote on mounting the huſtings, placed four bags before him, each containing 1000 guineas. After thanking the firſt man that voted for him for his ſuffrage, he ſaid, "Pray friend, how many miles are you from home?" "Five your honor." "Then there are five guineas to carry you home." A ſecond vote "How many miles, Sir, are you from home?" "Ten Sir." "There are ten guineas to bear the expence of your journey." The news inſtantly ran like wild-fire; in ſhort, before two bags were thus expended, the election was hollow in favor of Mr. Coote. As the gentleman made no canvaſs previous to his election, nor ſo much as aſked a ſingle vote for his ſuffrage, no law, then in being could bring the manœuvre under the deſcription of bribery and corruption.

OBSERVATION.

IT is a better employment of the underſtanding to bear the misfortunes that actually befal us, than to penetrate into thoſe that may.

SONNET TO HAPPINESS.

WHERE now are all thy golden viſions fled!
O ſay, enchantreſs, whither are they flown!
Soaring aloft, by Fancy's finger led,
I ſat exulting on her fairy throne:
Thro' airy arches, built with beams of light,
Their odorous ſpoil Arabian breezes bring;
Joy, with his lamp of exquiſite delight,
And keen eyed Rapture claps his eagle wing.
Ah! dear deluſion, bright celeſtial ſhade,
Too pure to grace this ſublunary ſphere,
All earthly bliſs is born to bloom and fade,
Wakes with a ſmile and cloſes with a tear.
Too ſoon, alas, the tranſient ſcene is o'er,
The meteor ſhines, then ſinks, and is no more.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, April 2, 1803.

RIOT AT THE STATE PRISON.

From a report made to the Inſpectors of the State Priſon, by Capt. Pray the principal keeper, it appears that Daniel M'Donald, who was convicted at Albany for horſe ſtealing, and ſentenced to ſeven years hard labor in the State Priſon, was the ringleader in the attempt of the Priſoners to eſcape from that building on Monday laſt. On one of the keepers going into the Shoemakers apartment that afternoon, he was informed of their intentions by M'Donald who aſſured him that he ſhould not be hurt; that he had been unjuſtly puniſhed, and that he would eſcape over the Walls of the priſon that night. Several of the Priſoners had then proceeded to put their plan into execution; but it appears that they were by no means generally diſpoſed to follow the example of their leader. On the rioters entering the yard, the ſmiths and nailers at work there, almoſt to a man refuſed to join them; but came forward to the keepers, and offered to protect them at the riſque of their lives. On the alarm being given, the guard of the priſon ſtood ready to oppoſe them. The priſoners were then mounting the wall by the help of a ſcaffold, and on the guards calling them to deſiſt, they in return received very abuſive language; and had brick bats and hammers thrown at them.

Finding that coercive meaſures muſt be taken, they fired, and killed Iſaac Lytle, from Waſhington county, who at the inſtant of the firing put his head out of a window, tho' not concerned in the riot; mortally wounded a man by the name of John Palmer (ſince dead), and wounded three others, viz. Henry Maſſenburg,----Gilbert, and David Buck, all of them dangerouſly. During the riot, the priſoners ſet fire to one of the rooms, but it was put out before any injury had been ſuſtained.

The following account of a moſt barbarous and atrocious robbery has been communicated for publication by a reſpectable gentleman at Williamſport, Pennſylvania.

The unhappy ſufferer is a young lady, about eighteen years of age, by the name of ESTHER M'DOWELL.

Miſs M'Dowell is the daughter and only child of Dr. John M'Dowell, who about three years ſince, removed from Montreal to Kentucky, where he had purchaſed an eſtate. He left this daughter to reſide with an aged aunt who had ſince died and left her niece heir to a conſiderable property. Upon the death of her aunt, the young lady expreſſed to her father a wiſh to remove and reſide with her parents in Kentucky. Accordingly he ſent a man, who had been brought up from infancy in his family, and in whoſe fidelity and honor he had the moſt implicit confidence, to conduct her home. She proceeded with him from Montreal, and arrived in the neighborhood of Williamſport on Monday evening, the twenty firſt of March laſt. During the day, the villian had taken pains to avoid obſervation as much as poſſible by leaving the public road and paſſing through obſcure and unfrequented paths. They continued to travel till about ten o'clock in the evening, when he ſuddenly diſmounted, dragged the lady from her horſe, and preſenting a piſtol to her breaſt, demanded her money, and threatened to murder her if ſhe attempted to give an alarm. She implored his mercy, offering him all ſhe poſſeſſed upon the condition of ſparing her life. At that inſtant he tore off her bonnet, and gagged her mouth to prevent her from ſpeaking. He then proceeded to ſtrip her of every article of cloathing, and having her hands bound behind her, made her faſt to a tree while he packed up her apparel in the ſaddle-bags. Having done this, he removed her to a more diſtant part of the woods, and tyed her faſt to a tree in a cloſe thicket, made faſt with the horſes and all the property that ſhe had with her.

In this deplorable ſituation ſhe remained, entirely naked, expoſed to the ſevere cold of the night, until about break of day, when by her ſtruggles ſhe looſened herſelf from the tree, and with much difficulty made her way through the woods to a houſe about eighty rods diſtant, where ſhe was kindly received, and ſupplied with ſuch things as were immediately neceſſary. It was not until after a conſiderable time that ſhe was able to ſpeak, and relate the particulars of the diſaſter.

She is now, as our correſpondent informs, at the houſe of the Rev. Iſaac Grier, who lives near the place where the inhuman crime was perpetrated. Though nearly a hundred perſons have been engaged in purſuit of the villian, we are ſorry to ſay that no certain intelligence has been obtained. [Philad. pap.

MURDER.

The following particulars of a moſt horrid deed which was committed at a ſmall village between Marquiſe and Boulogne, in France, are given in a morning print, which pledges itſelf for their authenticity:

A written paper with three ſignatures, was carried to the houſe of the Mayor of this village, appointing a meeting upon buſineſs in the evening, at a fixed place. A neighbor obſerving three men at the door, and the Mayor to go out with his great-coat on, leaving at home his wife, daughter, niece, and a maid ſervant.--Early next morning, a nephew of the Mayor's calling, found the door open; and upon entering, firſt beheld the dreadful ſight of the maid lying murdered in the paſſage; the mother and daughter dead in one room, and the niece a corpſe in the other. As ſoon as he could recover himſelf from the horrid ſpectacle, he, with the aſſiſtance of a neighbor, ſearched the other part of the houſe, when it appeared that nothing had been taken away. The written paper was found containing the three ſignatures, which induced the nephew and the neighbor to proceed to the fixed place, when, as their minds foreboded, they diſcovered the unfortunate Mayor, miſerably mangled. In one of his hands was a large lock of hair, graſped, with a part of the ſkin to it, ſuppoſed to belong to one of the villains. This was taken immediately to the Municipality, who, for a few hours, embargoed all the veſſels between Calais and Boulogne, and a moſt active ſearch was made. The diligences were all examined, and every one obliged to take off his hat; but, unhappily, the monſters were not diſcovered. A perſon arrived in England, about a week after, to communicate the ſhocking act to the Engliſh Police, in order to trace the villains, if they ſhould have croſſed the channel. It is imagined that the perpetrators are three conſcripts, and that, having left the paper, they conceived the hand writing might lead to diſcovery, and therefore, returned again to the houſe, to get it back, which brought on the dreadful cataſtrophe alluded to. The Mayor was a powerful man; he was very much cut; and by the hair, which he appears to have torn from one of their heads, it is evident he made a ſtout reſiſtance. He bore an excellent character and was much eſteemed. A conſiderable reward was offered. [London paper.

MORTALITY.

SUCH is the deſtiny of all on earth,
So flouriſhes and fades majeſtic man!

DIED,

At Newtown, (L. I.) on Thurſday morning laſt week, in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH JOHNSON, wife of the Rev. John B. Johnſon of Brooklyn.

Early on Sunday morning, aged 21 years, greatly beloved and juſtly lamented by thoſe who knew her worth, Mrs. SARAH WOODS, wife of James Woods, of this city, Eſq. Counſellor at Law, and daughter of Richard Hatfield, of White Plains, Eſq. in the county of Weſtcheſter.

Thirty one perſons (of whom 15 were adults and 16 children) died in this city during the week ending on the 3d inſtant, viz. Of dropſy 2, ſudden 1, convulſions 1, conſumption 3, ſmall pox 2, pleuriſy 2, drowned 1, debility 1, and 18 of diſorders not mentioned.

A. PICKET

Preſents moſt reſpectful compliments to his friends and employers, informs them that he will commence his Morning School, on Monday the 2d day of May next at his Academy, No. 90 Chamber Street, for the inſtruction of Young Ladies. Hours of tuition from 6, to half paſt 8 o'clock.

NB. He has engaged a lady of good education and character, to teach Fine and Plain Sewing, &c.

April 9.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN Reaſon takes Love's willing hand,
And Hymen joins the ſacred band,
Then, only then, the price we give,
For which the wife may wiſh to live.

MARRIED,

At Newtown (Long-Iſland) on the 27th ult. by the Rev. John B. Johnſon, LANCASTER LUPTON, Eſq. to Miſs FRANCES PLATT TOWNSEND.

On Wedneſday evening laſt week, Mr. CHARLES BETTS to Widow LOWERY, both of this city.

On 31ſt ult. at Roſe-hill, Staten-Iſland, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Miſs MARY GILFORD, daughter of William Bernard Gifford, Eſq. to Mr. DANIEL LAKE, jun.

On Saturday laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. RICHARD BANNISTER from England, to Miſs ELIZABETH BOND, daughter of Mr. Alexander Bond, merchant of this city.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Mr. THOMAS O'CONNOR, of Steuben county, to Miſs MARGARET O'CONNOR, third daughter of Mr. Hugh O'Connor, of this city.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented, a Tragedy in five acts called,

Pizarro in Peru;
OR THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

To which will be added, a Farce called, the

Jubilee.

25,000 Dollars the higheſt prize.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. II, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE,
For ſale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

LOST,

A SEGAR BOX, made of tortoiſeſhell, ſilver mounted, with the letters W. C. engraved on the lid. The finder will be compenſated by leaving it with the Printer.
April 9th 1803

TO LET.

From the firſt of May till the firſt of November next: the reſidence of the late Mr. James Todd, at New-Utrecht, Long Iſland; the dwelling houſe is large and convenient, with an excellent kitchen furniſhed with a complete ſteam apparatus for cooking, and a perpetual oven heated by the ſame fire, a waſhing-houſe, a pump of excellent water by the door, garden, ſtable, &c. The tenant can be accommodated with a park in the rear of the houſe ſufficient to maintain two horſes and cows, and a young orchard in bearing, conſiſting of the beſt peach and apple trees; the orchard is laid down in clover and timothy, which will produce a ſufficiency of cutting graſs for the cattle through the ſeaſon. The place being healthy renders it a very deſirable ſituation for a ſummer reſidence; a ſtage will run paſt the door every day from Brooklyn to the N. Bath, which will add greatly to the convenience of a family wiſhing to retire from the city in the hot ſeaſon. For particulars enquire of
DAVID AUCHINVOLE,
No. 30 Broad ſt.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-ſtreet, between Peck and New-ſlips, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above buſineſs extenſively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and diſpatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. ☞ Worms for ſtills, Candle Moulds, and a general aſſorment of Pewter Articles.------An Apprentice wanted to the above buſineſs. Oct. 16, 29 1y

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE ORPHAN NOSEGAY GIRL.

" WHO'LL buy a nosegay ?" said a sweet child,
An Orphan left wretched and poor,
Here's rosebuds and pinks, and sweet briar-wild,
And heaven will bless you thrice o'er.
Do pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear ;
And each bud shall be moist'ned by gratitude's tear.

Hard is my FORTUNE, my father is dead ;
He fell in the nation's defence,
Those friends who once courted our favor are fled,
And prov'd all their friendship's pretence.

My mother was near when my brave father fell,
The bullet which robb'd him of life,
Sunk deep in the bosom that lov'd him so well,
And murder'd the health of his wife.

Oh slight not my roses, hard, is my fate,
My poor little sisters want bread ;
Bestow but a trifle before 'tis too late,
Our parents to heaven are fled.
Pray, pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear,
And each bud shall be moistened by gratitude's tear.

SONG

FROM C. THE.

KNOW'ST thou the land, where citron, scents the gale
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise ?
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our footsteps tend ;
And, there my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the piles the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, " what ails thee, hapless maid," to say ?
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our footsteps tend ;
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day,
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way ;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood ;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood ?
Know'st thou the land ? 'tis there our course shall end !
There lies our way---ah, thither let us tend !

ANECDOTES.

WE have heard much of cork rumps, false calves, artificial teeth, &c. but the following literally transcribed handbill of a London Occulist, demonstrates that there are other brilliant decorations wanting, before the personal charms of the modern beau or belle can be deemed complete.

" Curious enamelled Eyes, upon an improved plan :---having the tone or action like life---is a great preservation to the inner eye, worn with the utmost ease and comfort, acting like a glove as a defence against colds, heats, dusts, &c. Put into the head without pain by John Watson, at Mr. Watson's, Eye builder, Church-Street, Coverley-fields, Mile-end, New-Town, London."

A Law Suit was lately determined in Upper Saxony, which lasted so long, that four Judges, fifteen Barristers, and nine Attornies, who were engaged in it, died during the process. How happy would it be for the peace of Society, if a few of our law-suits every year were attended with some of those lucky circumstances !

IT was remarked as a caution against going to law, by one of the profession, " He that would go to law must have a good cause, a heavy purse, a skilful attorney, an able advocate, good evidencies, an intelligent jury, an upright and patient judge ; and having all these, unless he has very good luck, he will stand a small chance of succeeding in the suit."

MAXIM. Virtue would not go far, if Vanity did not accompany her.

MORALIST.

COULD we draw back the covering of the tomb---could we see what those are now who once were mortal---Oh ! how would it surprise and grieve us, to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place on every individual---grieve us, to observe the dishonor done to our nature in general, within their subterraneous lodgements ! Here, the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attracting smile, grins horribly---a naked, ghastly skin. The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart---alas ! where is it ? Where shall we find the rolling sparkler ? How are all those radiant glories totally eclipsed ? The tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land has forgot its cunning. Where are the strains of melody which ravished our ears ? Where is that flow of persuasion which carried captive our judgments ? The great master of language and of song is become silent as the night which surrounds him !

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public, that he will remove to No. 49 Chatham Street, to the Academy now occupied by Mr. Stanburgh, where he will commence the first day of May next, and teach the various branches of English Literature, the art of Penmanship upon a new systemised plan, and the Latin and Greek Languages.

The subscriber's long experience in the above business, and the full satisfaction he has every reason to believe rendered in general, gives him grounds to hope for further encouragement from his employers, and the patronage of the public. He adds, with confidence, in appealing to his employers, that not a pupil was ever taken from under his care and instruction, for any neglect or non-improvement in the polite art of Literature, or their civil and moral department. WM. D. LEZELL.

Pearl-Street, No. 433.

N B The larger classes of pupils will be accommodated and taught separate from the smaller, and none permitted to enter but decent persons. A morning school will also commence at the time and place above mentioned.

MINIATURE PAINTING

P. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he continues to paint Likenesses in Miniature on moderate terms. From the long practice and the late improvement he has made in that art, he will engage the likeness to be the most correct and satisfactory. Specimens of his late Painting to be seen at No. 252 William-Street. N. B. All kinds of Devices elegantly executed with natural hair. Also, Landscapes and Historical Pieces painted on Silk for Ladies Needle Work.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Sepats, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Straps of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. Feb. 26.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No. 79 Beekman Street.

M. NASH respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has made considerable additions to his Library, and solicits a continuation of favors. Some of the most valuable works received in addition, and which only can be enumerated, are the following, viz. British Zoology, 4 vols. Ladies Magazine, 3 do. Langhorne's lives of Plutarch, 6 do.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Per Year 3 dollars and 50 cents ; 6 Months 2 dollars ; per Quarter 1 dollar and 25 cents ; per Month 62 1-2

Also a number of Stationary Articles for sale. Customers are requested to call only in the evening.

THOMAS TIMPSON,

CABINET MAKER, No 25 John-street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that as he intends removing at May, he will dispose what furniture he has on hand, on reasonable terms for cash or short credit---among the articles are, sideboards, bureaus, mahogany chairs, dining, card and breakfast tables, mahogany, birch and maple bedsteads, dining tables with ends April 2 4w

EDWARD AND JOHN WADE,

Silk Dyers and Scourers,

INFORM their friends and the public that they continue to carry on the SILK DYING BUSINESS in all its various branches, No. 74 Gold street, formerly occupied by Mrs. Sarah Gunn, and humbly solicit the patronage of their former customers, assuring them that all orders from town or country will be thankfully received and attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

N B. Merchants work of every description, carefully attended to. April 2, 4t.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windsor Chair Maker, informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to make Windsor Chairs, at No. 40 James street, where he will thankfully receive every order in the above line. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old chairs when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order. He will paint them green, or any fancy color, at a very low price.

April 2. 53 2m.

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable Lotion

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, Scorbutic and cutaneous Eruptions of every description.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and administered by him for several years in Europe and America with the most unparalleled success. By the simple application of this fluid night and morning, or occasionally once a day, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven skin its shining appearance, and yellow and sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible.

A small bole, at 75 cents. will be found sufficient to prove its value------Price, half pints, 75 cents---Pints, one Dollar 25 cents. Nov. 27.

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent alterative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heightners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued series of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use in her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicine Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauche's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.---also at Mr. J. Hopkins, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.

May end. ¶ 368

Sold at J. Harrisson's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds

PRENTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.